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composer. A much more numerous audience will to-day pronounce their verdict; for certainly no true lover of music would willingly be absent on such an occasion as the first public performance of a grand orchestral symphony by Mendelssohn.—*London Musical World.*

#### HAND-ORGAN MANUFACTURE.

The only place in the United States where hand-organs—not “hurdy-gurdies”—are made, is at Mr. Taylor's establishment, on Chatham Square, this city. From his house hand-organs go all over the United States, to the West Indies, and South America. A hand-organ weighs from forty to sixty pounds, and costs from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. It is doubted if there are more than one thousand or fifteen hundred men, at most, in the whole of the United States, who depend upon street hand-organs for a living. Most of the people seen about the streets of our large cities, especially New York, with hand-organs, come from the mountainous districts of Italy, and are known as Sardinians. These men—many of them, at least—own a little land at home, which barely gives them a livelihood, without enabling them to pay the taxes. Hearing of America, and fearing the very frequent conscriptions in their own country, they come to the United States, unable to speak a word of English, but determined to do something to earn a living, unable to get employment, they take to the street organ. Most of them pay for the organ, cash down; some go to the manufactory and pay twenty-five per cent., and the rest as fast as they can earn it. With good care a street organ will last fifteen years, but if the man becomes dissipated, allowing himself to get drunk a few times, the organ soon goes to ruin. Such of those as have monkeys with their organs purchase the animal and train it themselves.

It is a mistake to suppose that the organ grinders are all employed by one grand head centre, who districts the city or country off, and allots one man for each district. There are said to be two or three wealthy organ grinders in this city who advance money to others, taking a mortgage upon the little landed property which they possess in Italy.

The average amount received a day by organ-grinders is not more than two dollars. Since the war, quite a number of one-armed soldiers have gone into the business, and there is a poor fellow in this city who has lost both arms, being obliged to turn the crank of the organ with his feet, who makes fifteen dollars a day. Some of these itinerant musicians travel long distances—a story is told of one who started from this city with a sixty pound organ on his back, and went to Chicago, and from thence back to Lake Champlain, then to Montreal, and back to Chicago again, through Canada. He froze his feet while in Canada, but had a pocket full of “stamps” when he reached Chicago.

The musicians who go about the streets with harps and violins are mostly Neapolitans. A few Frenchmen engage in the same business. Some of them are very slow to learn the English language. Taking a walk along the Battery every morning for a year or two, we were in the habit of meeting a Frenchman with a hand-organ. At last on the strength of what might be called a

“Bowing acquaintance,” we spoke to him one morning, whereat he held up both hands in astonishment. Surprised that he did not understand English, we addressed him in Latin, for he was an educated Frenchman, and could speak Latin and Italian. Asking him how long he had been in this country, he replied, “twenty-four years.” “Twenty-four years, and not speak the English language?” said we. “Great heavens!” replied the Frenchman, his face putting on an expression of the most unfeigned astonishment, “How much of the English language can a man learn in twenty-four years?”

#### MUSIC FANCIES.

Goethe called architecture “frozen music.” The expression was truer, perhaps, than he suspected. Dr. Hay, some years ago, broached a theory of harmony and form, in which there was a wonderful conjunction of mathematics and poetry, and the Parthenon was made out to be literally “frozen music,” and its proportions discovered to have been regulated by relative proportions of the diatonic scale. The walls of Thebes rose and the towers built themselves up to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus. Pythagoras insisted that the universe was but a gigantic organ. “There's music in all things, if men had ears.” The poets are never done with this image. They use it in a thousand ways, even to the description of a woman's face. “The mind—the music breathing from her face,” wrote Byron of his Zuleika, and he thought it necessary to explain his meaning in a note. “I think,” the poet interpreting himself says, “I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done, had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory—that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflections multiplied.” Moore, commenting on the same line, tells us that Lovelace wrote “the melody and music of her face,” and old Sir Thomas Browne has it that “there is music even in beauty.”

The best index to character may be found in music. Of course the man who has no music in his soul cannot be made out on this plan; but we have excellent authority in the words which follow the well-worn quotation that such a person has no character at all. Notice how great authors supply their book-creatures with invariably significant instruments. A strong boy has a fancy for a cornet; a shy lad will take to a fiddle. A boy has been known to deliberately select the triangle as his instrument, and after working it in the college band for years, brought it home to play upon in the bosom of his family at vacation. Dr. Johnson used to put his ear to the drone of a bag-pipe, and expressed great pleasure at the sound. This was a queer taste, but it is more curious that he should, with such a taste, have been able to say of music:—“That it was the only sensual pleasure without vice.” Imagine the sensuality of the bag-pipes!

*Bos.*—“Pray, sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?”

*Johnson.*—“No, sir. I once bought me a flageolet, but I never made out a tune.”

The gentleman whose claim to be considered a German scholar rested upon the fact of his brother's acquaintance with the German concertina, appears to have had as clear

a notion of the language as the lexicographer had of the “tune.” It would seem as if he considered when he “bought him” the flageolet, he also purchased the airs that were hidden within it. When the “pilot of the literary whale” mentioned that he was subject to nervous disturbances on hearing music, and could weep at it, “Sir,” said the whale, “I should never hear it if it made me such a fool.”

Music, we are told, can cure sickness. Viguerie de Marville relates a story of a gentleman of distinction suddenly seized by violent illness, and instead of a consultation of physicians, “he immediately called a band of musicians, and their band of violins played so well in his inside that his stomach became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours was harmoniously becalmed.” Here is a hint. Suppose “I Puritani” could be substituted for a pill, not only to purge melancholy but measles; or “Il Ballo” given for a bolus?

Can music speak? We are afraid not—at least not distinctly. A clever essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, some time since, maintained that a tune of itself was colorless and vague. “There are no definitely-agreed-upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens or fields by a diminished seventh.” We remember the unfortunate “cries of the wounded” in the “Battle of Prague,” and shudder at representative pieces, and the strident clangor and drumming of war quadrilles at monster concerts. The famous “Songs without Words” seemed troubled with an effort to record vague and indefinite emotions in the terms of music, and the struggle possesses a sort of plaintive interest for us; it is as though a spirit desired to take shape and appear to us, and was only permitted to make itself heard. If music had a distinct character of its own, sacred and profane pieces would exhibit an intrinsic difference when played, but as a fact they do not. Many negro melodies are of church origin, and, strange to say, the once popular “Dandy Jim” is not a native of Carolina, but of Italy, where it has positively done service in High Mass. The organist who excused himself for playing light music at church by saying that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes, forgot that the tunes, like people, mix in strange company. “Don Giovanni” quavers libertinism in strains which suggest a Gothic cathedral. Music, however, no matter how reduced, retains some of the angel, and “Bones” occasionally raises his tenor with absurd words to certain intervals, which serve as an incantation to sentimental ideas very different from those contained in the stuff written for him.

**LEIPSIC.**—At the sixth Gewandhaus Concert there were performed two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor, by Schubert; “Trennung,” Hector Berlioz (Mdlle. Magnus); Concerto for Violin, composed and executed by M. Dupuis from Liège; Suite in canon form for stringed band, by Grimm; Sonata for Violin, Tartini (M. Dupuis); Songs, Schubert and Mendelssohn; and overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini.

**HALLE.**—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been given very efficiently, under the direction of Herr Hassler, the principal part being sung by Herr Sabbath.